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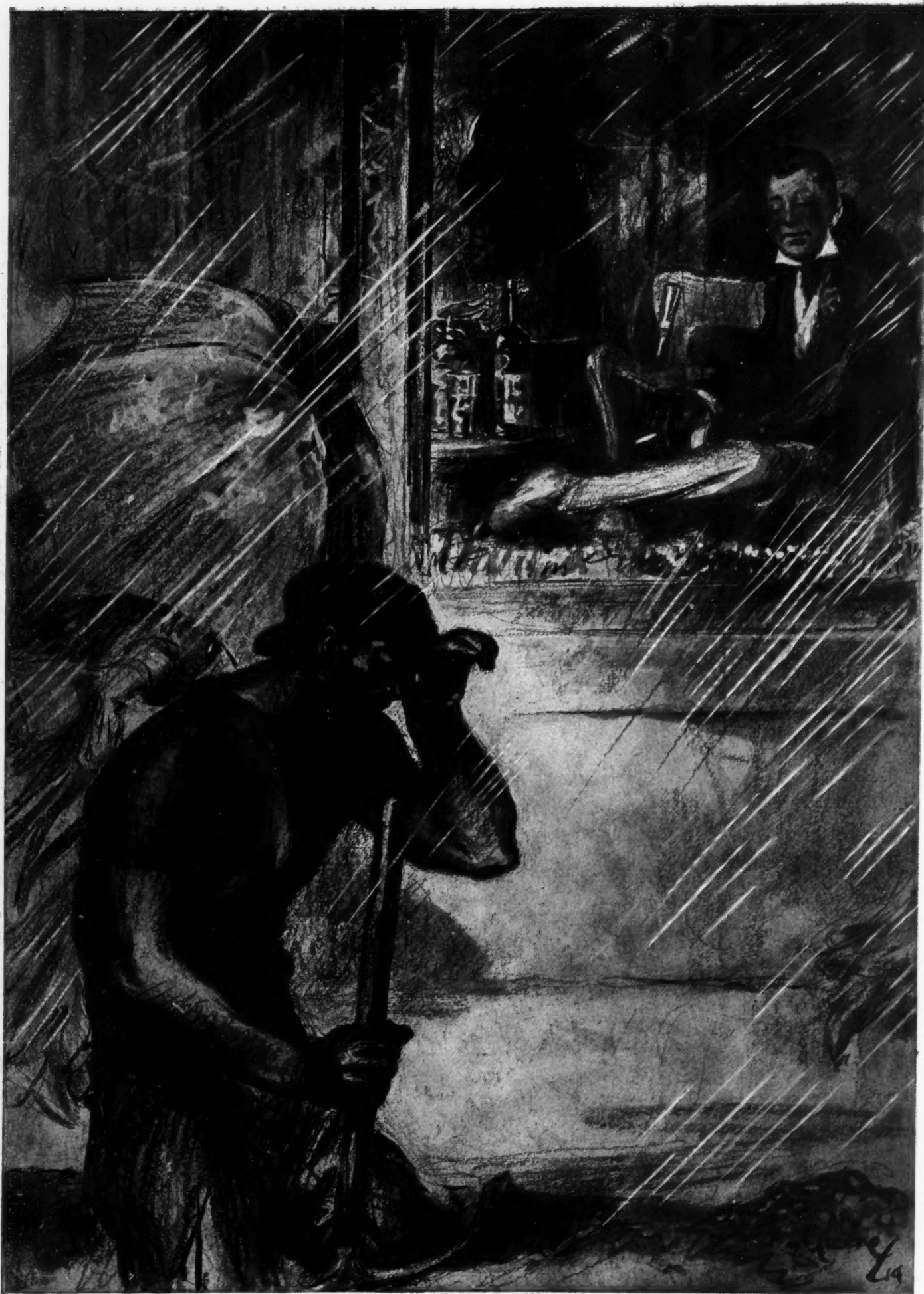
"What fools these mortals be!"

Suck



AT THE PLAY.

"EYES HAVE THEY, BUT THEY SEE NOT."



?

PUZZLE PICTURE: Monday Morning, Eleven o'Clock—Find the Undesirable Citizen.

TRUTH JUSTICE BREVITY

VOL. LXXV. NO. 1926. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 31, 1914.

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HY. MAYER, the world-famous Cartoonist, will devote his entire time to Puck, beginning next spring. Mr. MAYER will be editor-in-chief and art director.

WE have set out to get the highest ability in every field. As a first step, we tried in the field of satire and caricature to secure the best. In Mr. HY. MAYER we think we have found the man.

PUCK is always anxious to hear from its readers as to any suggestions or criticisms that they may have for the improvement of the paper.

OUR next issue, No. 1927, for the week ending February 7, will be a TANGO NUMBER, in which, through the medium of color, black-and-white, and letter-press, we propose to hold up the mirror to this latest social craze, ever keeping in mind Puck's famous motto: "What fools these mortals be!"

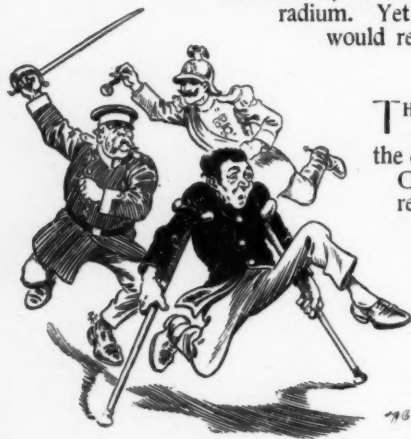


Important News

This funny world

UNDER the new primary law, the actual campaign for the election of a Governor next fall will begin in June, or early in July, and continue until election-day. The hot-weather slogan, "No relief in sight," will have an especially terrible significance hereafter.

MORE radium discovered. Precious substance found in—Columbia University Museum; been there a dozen years or so, unsuspected and unused, while the world has been clamoring for radium. Yet the biggest university in America would resent being called a sleepy place.



THE KAISER has seen fit to decorate, with the Order of the Red Eagle, the colonel of the regiment who upheld German military dignity at Zabern recently. Could it be proven that the cripple who received a playful sabre cut was of undoubted French origin, the Kaiser might bestow upon the colonel the Order of the Iron Cross.

FORTUNATELY, nobody has advocated intensive farming in the sowing of wild oats.

THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD, on financial rocks after a wild orgy of high finance, extravagance, and worse, has resolved on spigot economy, cutting down commuter service. It seems the laws for the humane transportation of live-stock don't apply to the carriage of human freight.

POLITICIANS confidently predict that President WILSON will let the Presidential-primary plan slide, and that candidates in 1916 will be nominated in the same old way.

Hardly likely. In the first place, Woodrow Wilson is equipped with determination to match his jaw. In the second place, to fail to put the Presidential-primary plan through would be a confession of fear that Roosevelt might capture the G. O. P. nomination.

TREMENDOUS increase in importations of food-stuffs foreshadows that cut in the cost of living promised in the putting of necessities of life on the free list. And sugar is anticipating the tariff cut that goes into effect March 1st by dropping close to four cents a pound.

MAYOR MITCHELL solves the problem of the unemployed and the tramps by putting them at work. Chicago establishes cost price stores. Socialistic? Not at all, just sense.

GEN. PICQUART, defender of DREYFUS, is dead in America. He put his whole future in peril by stoutly resisting the anti-Semitic wave that made DREYFUS a victim, threw up his commission, established the innocence of the Lieutenant, was restored to his rank, and rose to higher rank, and became Minister of War.

MANY men work too hard, says young Mr. ROCKEFELLER; they ought to be more temperate in work. Loud and continued applause. There are a lot of men who would go even further than that, and advocate total abstinence.



OIL and alcohol don't mix. Witness the ROCKEFELLERS, unliquored for three generations.

AGAIN a New York justice blithely declares a California divorce is invalid.

Inconvenient habit of the Empire State Courts, clouding the status of thousands of married people, one or other of whom re-wed after divorce in another State. Seems to laymen this decision is in violation of Article IV of the Federal Constitution, guaranteeing "full faith and credit in each State to the judicial proceedings of every other State."

AFTER fruitless efforts the world over to dis sever "tipping" from restaurant service, the Illinois Athletic Club, of Chicago, has contrived the only invincible, unescapable anti-tip plan, which is—to add in the tip on the check.

THE clergyman who wrote "General John Regan" is a great booster of Chicago. In a little while, he says, Chicago will be the world centre of literature, music, and art. Boston papers please copy.



LONDON learning traffic regulation from New York! Not so long ago Gotham imported the idea from the British capital, but so improved the system that the bobbies have to be sent here to learn how.

NEW YORK financiers want the Reserve Bank to be established in the metropolis to be of commanding importance, so as to impress foreign nations by the hugeness of its assets.

The sale of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes is a national monopoly in Italy, and Italy has just boosted the price of all three to the consumer. Respectfully referred to Socialists who smoke.

"ACCURACY is the main essential to success," says JAMES J. HILL in an after-dinner speech which was a great success, even though it did not square with his axiom.

REPRESENTATIVE CLAYTON is described as "the man who put the teeth in the proposed anti-Trust law," but President WILSON is the man who will make the jaws work.

COLONEL GOETHALS, canal builder, expressing willingness to accept the Police Commissionership of New York City, if empowered to enforce discipline of the "hire and fire" order, is at once offered the Governorship of the Canal Zone at twice the salary, but it's predicted that he will take the most difficult job in America, instead of the easy berth at Panama.

A BOSTON scientist makes the statement that boys are at their best at 10 a.m. Ask the boy himself, and he will fix his best at 3 p.m., the hour when school is out. Science is singularly blind sometimes.

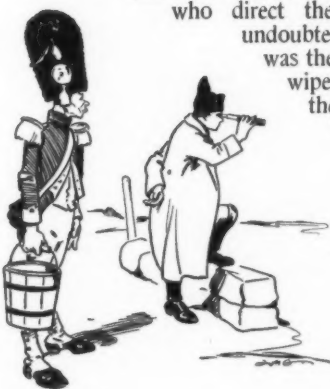
Impertinent Comment

as Puck sees it.



THE fact that it costs young MORGAN, the late J. P.'s grandson, but \$1,464 a year to go through Harvard is held up as proof of the boy's frugal habits. We will now hear again from the college president—we forget his name—who said that he would send back to papa, and send back quick, any young man who spent more than \$700 a year during his college course.

A SOCIALIST debater asked this question recently: "Do you mean to say that the actual workers of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad could not operate it better than the men who direct them?" To which we answer, "Oh, undoubtedly. Of course they could." Indeed, was there ever any question in the matter?



The wiper in the round-house knows better than the fireman how to keep an engine hot.

The fireman, swinging his scoop on the foot-board, knows more about running a locomotive than the engineer does. The engineer is a whole lot better qualified to have general charge of equipment than the round-house foreman or the master-mechanic. The master-mechanic and the round-house foreman both could give the division superintendent points on how to run his job. The division superintendent is thoroughly convinced that the general superintendent, down at headquarters, is in

need of just such coaching as only *he* could give. What's the use of going on? Of course the "actual workers" can operate a railroad better than "the men who direct them." They can operate *anything* better; they always could. The cabin-boy of the *Santa Maria* knew, for a positive fact, that COLUMBUS was a boob. FRANCOIS, who carried water for the Old Guard, knew very well how different the result at Waterloo would have been had *he*, instead of that upstart BONAPARTE, been in supreme command. 'T was ever thus. All the incompetents are at the top; all the "actual workers" at the bottom.

MEXICO defaults on the interest on its national debt, and refuses payment on money-orders. Germany supports the American policy.

Something in the Wilson-Bryan financial blockade. In diplomacy, as in business, the man who tries something new is first ridiculed, then abused, and later the world has to take off its hat to him.

COLORADO has a female political boss. If she be a feminine CROKER, doubtless she is in politics for her handbag all the time.

ENGINEERS have been puzzling for years over the problem of an automatic train-stop that will not be affected by the weather. Mere chauffeur, THOMAS T. CHALONER, puts the trigger over the track instead of on the ground, and it's achieved. So simple, hundreds of inventors are wondering why they did n't think of it.

SEEMS rather inopportune, this demand for a five per cent. increase in railroad freight rates, in view of Commissioner PROUTY'S disclosure of the looting of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad with such items as the payment of \$13,500,000 in excess of value on one trolley system and \$12,000,000 in another case, and the dispersal of assets in the gobbling of 336 other public-service corporations.

MERE Aldermen urge that the Metropolitan Museum of Art be kept open evenings. Mighty trustees answer, it's open Saturday evenings and has few visitors. As if opening on the one busiest night of the week gave the people a chance to show their eagerness to see the great collections. Try it every night, including Sundays, and let the people know about it.

"BOSSES can't last," declared Collector of the Port MALONE at the Holland Society dinner.

Bosses never have lasted, but bossism has. The people have learned the futility of merely downing bosses, and propose to demolish bossism.

YES, the amendment to the Constitution requiring direct election of Senators by popular vote does mean what it says. Lee, elected by the people of Maryland, is seated. Glass, appointed by the Governor of Alabama, is sent home. Reactionaries were wont to weep for the Constitution; now they weep because of it.

A TARRYTOWN man took a hen into a trolley-car, but forgot his purse. When he was about to be dropped by the wayside the hen obligingly laid an egg, with which the man paid his fare. At one time, not a great while ago, it looked as if a man might pay even a taxicab fare with an egg—provided it was a fresh one.

GOETHALS, the man who built the Panama Canal, made Governor of the Canal Zone. GORGAS, who cleaned up Panama, made Surgeon-General of the Army.

Both picked by Taft, appointed by Roosevelt, promoted by Wilson. There's continuity of government, the nation's interests prevailing over mere politics.

HE will be all right if he keeps away from champagne, is EVELYN NESBIT'S judgment on Husband HARRY THAW. Perhaps, as a substitute, he will take up the Tango. Society agrees that it is quite as exhilarating as vintage wine, and just about as expensive.

IT is naively said in a cable dispatch that Queen WILHELMINA, of Holland, is "very much interested in the education of her daughter." What strange whims these royal mothers have, to be sure!



WHAT'S WORRYING THEM NOW.

"Don't it beat all! I'm afraid that man Wilson is going to make good!"



THERE was no doubt about it. It annoyed Jasper exceedingly. It was not a subject which he discussed with people, being of much too private a nature, but, when all alone, there was nothing in his brain-cells which occupied more of his valuable time.

This was the plain English of it: Jasper could not talk to a girl without quaking all over. Time and again he had tried to control his tremors, but without success. Invariably he shook like "the light, quivering aspen." And, the more he tried to control himself, the more he shook.

"The worst of it is," moaned Jasper to himself, "I can't hide it. All the girls notice it," and, in this respect, Jasper was wholly right. All the girls *did* notice it. Especially a little blonde kitten on the next block whose name was Delphine.

The first time Jasper took Delphine out of an evening, Delphine noticed that his right arm trembled almost as soon as they left the house.

Jasper tucked his right arm alongside of Delphine's left, and, in apparently delightful union, they walked briskly down the street. Delphine's winter coat was of rich Hudson seal (dyed muskrat), but, despite its thickness, Jasper's tremors went right through it. But did Delphine attribute them to any defect in Jasper's system of nerves? Not at all. Not for a fraction of a second.

"My gracious!" thought Delphine, and the thought simply thrilled her from top to toe, "the poor boy must be dead gone on me. He can't hide his emotion. Poor, dear fellow! His arm betrays him."

And what of quivering Jasper? What innermost thoughts were Jasper's at just that time? Did they coincide with little blonde Delphine's diagnosis? Not precisely.

"Hang it!" said Jasper, through gritted teeth, to himself, "I'm shaking like a leaf. What a chump she'll think me! I simply *must* get a nerve- tonic. This cannot—*must* not—go on, or no girl in town will have any use for me."

As for Delphine, she was in perfect ecstasies, the ecstasies of youthful romance. Love's young dream was in full swing. She saw in Jasper a romantic mixture of Romeo, Beau Brummell, and the latest *matinée* idol. She felt that he was "simply grand," and what was more, when most fellows were just jolliers, "so sincere."

And, all the while, Jasper, ignorant of the colossal hit he had made with her, was trying in panicky fashion to find something in the way of a cure for himself.

Something had to happen. It did. It could n't logically have happened otherwise. Delphine, cataloguing Jasper with the sincere and the

grand, soon showed her liking for him in all the little ways best known to the feminine gender. She went as far as any well-bred young lady should to acquaint Jasper with the state of her maiden feelings. To others, at any rate, her feelings were plain.

From the first, Jasper was truly grateful to Delphine for her kindness and cordiality.

"Here's a kid," thought Jasper, "who's got some sympathy for me. She doesn't hand me my walking-papers just because of a little temporary weakness."

Jasper, you observe, rated his chief asset as a liability. What was more natural, considering the circumstances, than that Jasper and Delphine should get engaged? They did. On the scented, rose-colored evening when he proposed and was accepted, Jasper's voice trembled; as for his right arm, that unruly member, it shook like a rat in a terrier's mouth likewise.

Now that the cares and responsibilities of engaged life weighed him down and almost out, Jasper was more eager than ever to control his nervous system. He felt that while Delphine might tolerate him for a time, on probation, as it were, she could not be expected to keep silent indefinitely. There was a limit to tolerance, and Jasper fully appreciated it. He felt that it was up to him to make the effort of his life.



"As for his arm, it had ceased to tremble when it touched her."

The nerve-specialist whom he consulted said that there was nothing organically wrong with Jasper; merely a little nervous derangement; and after giving him some professional pointers about hygiene, exercise, and sleeping with his window open, the doctor wrote out a formidable prescription which Jasper had put up right away.

It was a wonder, that prescription. Either that, or Jasper had a nervous system which responded miraculously to treatment. In less than no time he was overjoyed to observe that he had ceased to tremble except on rare occasions. And these occasions, moreover, became rarer and still more rare. He took Delphine out, to theatre and church, with absolute confidence in himself. No more humiliating quakes. Jasper, thanks to the nerve- tonic, the hygiene, or something, was a new man.

Even his voice was new. It sounded calm and steady, never displaying a suspicion of a tremor. In brief, Jasper had been born again.

At first, Delphine thought it must be her imagination, but as Jasper continued his incomprehensible course, she came to the conclusion at last that it couldn't be; that Jasper *had* changed. His love for her was growing,

if not cold, at least tepid. He was calm and matter-of-fact in his conversation, even when they were alone. When she asked him, as she often did:

"Do you love me?" he invariably answered:

"Why, sure, little girl," and in a voice from which the old romantic tremble was entirely and hopelessly missing. As for his arm—this was the last straw—it had ceased to tremble when he touched her or encircled her fair form.

A situation tense as this could not remain long in *status quo*. Something had to happen. There was no forestalling it. One night Delphine, chafing under what she termed Jasper's "heartless indifference," shattered the engagement and love's young dream beyond hope of repair.

"I'm glad I found you out before I ever married you!" she burst forth.

"Why, Delphine!" cried Jasper, so surprised and shocked that he all but fell back into his old habit of quaking. "What is the matter? What have I done?"

"When you first came to see me," went on the outraged girl, "you thought so much of me you could n't hide it. Your voice showed it when you spoke to me; your very hand when you took my arm in the street. You fairly trembled—"

"Delphine, you don't understand," said Jasper, with still a trace of that deadly calmness. "I—"

"Oh, yes, I do,"—Delphine's blood was up—"I know that love has given place to positive indifference—"

"Listen, Delphine!"

"Or it was just a shameful sham in the first place. You are just as cool and unemotional now as if I were absolutely nothing to you; as indeed I don't suppose I am."

"Delphine, hear me! You—"

"I've noticed it for weeks and weeks. It's been growing on you. At first I thought it was my imagination, but now I know it was nothing of the sort. You never speak to me as you used to."

"Delphine, I can—"

"You never act toward me in the old way."

"Delphine, if you will—"

"You never, *never* tremble."

"Delphine!"

"You're just a heartless clod! *There!*"

When Jasper got home that night, which he did eventually, his first act was to take three and a half bottles of nerve- tonic out into the family back-yard and break them viciously against a clothes-pole. Incidentally he shook a good deal while he was doing it.

Jasper now has a favorite maxim. It is: Let well enough alone.

Harry Hamilton.



"And break them viciously against a clothes-pole."



THE SUBURBANITE MISLAYS HIS COMMUTATION TICKET.

THEIR SLICKNESS.

AW, YES; you-all Nawtherners are mighty slick, and all that!" said the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, in the grand old State of Arkansaw, in reply to a supercilious remark made by the half-baked young tourist from New England. "The two slickest of you I ever seen was a couple of Mormon propaganders that landed here last month and were promptly taken out of sight by a committee of prominent citizens and presented with overcoats of varnish—the supply of tar havin' been exhausted in decoratin' some Republicans a short time before—that covered 'em from neck to heels.

"By Jam! They were so slick that they plumb slipped through the clutches of everybody when they were set to runnin', and escaped in the general direction of Novy Scoshy at a gallop. Eh-yah! There ain't no doubt of it—you Nawtherners is slick!"

"**L**OVE makes the world go round," and even some divorces are not always on the square.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

"**T**HROW up your hands, or I fire!" The burglar turned and looked into the muzzle of a pistol in the firm hand of a determined and courageous woman.

"Huh!" he said; "yer couldn't hit me if yer tried."

"Yes, I could," was her calm reply; "I have practised for years, and I never miss my mark."

A thought struck him. "Shoot away!" he said; "but if yer *do* hit me, it will muss up this new Bokhara rug."

Heroine as she was, femininity yet asserted itself, and he departed unmolested, chuckling over his ill-gotten gains.

DURING THE BALKAN WAR.

WILDLY waving a flag of truce, the excited stranger rushed between the contending battalions.

"Stop, I implore you!" he exclaimed "cease the terrible carnage and listen to me!"

The booming of the Turkish artillery died away. The cavalry sheathed their shining swords and quieted their prancing steeds. The Greek patriots checked themselves in their mad rush upon the enemy's guns.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, when quiet had been restored; "pardon this interruption. I merely wish to announce that I represent the E Pluribus Unum Accident Insurance Company, of New York, and that I am prepared to write policies on each and every one of your lives at extremely reasonable rates."

IT WAS HARD.

"**H**AVE you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kep' his head under the bed-clothes the whole time. That's wrong."



BRINGING HOME THE BACON.



UNANIMOUS.

HE.—Do you know, I often wish I had lived in the time of the Cæsars!
SHE (*yawning*).—Everybody wishes so, Mr. Saphead.

THE CHAPERON.



HE chaperon sits in the ballroom bright,
Gracious and pure and fair,
With the rays from many a tender light
Kissing her wondrous hair.
And here, where the belles of a swirling town
Are tripping it down the hall,
Clad in her shimmering, stately gown
Sweetest is she of all.

Sweetest of all she rests serene
And watches both man and maid;—
But she only adds to the spell, I ween,
By the music gently played.
For, lasses flush at a stolen glance
And blush at a meaning tone,
While I am in love (give heed, gallants),
In love with the chaperon!

In love with the chaperon, 't is true,
Most desperately in love.
I love the point of her dainty shoe,
The tip of her dainty glove.
And now, as she sits like a queen apart—
The queen of the romp and fun—
I think of the tale my eager heart
Will tell when the rout is done.

When the rout is done, and in peace, alone,
We chat as we like, at last—
Just I and this dear, dear chaperon
I wed in a day long past.
And I'll softly say, as a lover may,
With a kiss, as a lover's right,
That the prettiest girl of that ballroom gay
Was a girl with hair snow-white.

E. L. S.

MAN's made of dust; his name becomes Mud
through the sprinkling-cart of Fate.

AT THE AGENCY.

FIRST COOK.—Sure, an' I wud n't go wid
her if Oi niver got a job!
SECOND COOK.—Phwat did she do to yez?
FIRST COOK.—Sure, an' she asked me a lot
of questions!

A SUGGESTION.

YOUNG MOTHER.—I really don't know why
he cries so.
BACHELOR FRIEND.—Perhaps it is his teeth
coming through.
YOUNG MOTHER.—No! He isn't teething.
BACHELOR FRIEND.—Maybe it's his hair
coming through that hurts him!

MISERY'S CROWN OF MISERY.

"DUBBS is a pessimist, is n't he? He believes
that the worst will come to the worst."
"Oh, no! He believes that man is doomed
to the worst, but it won't come to him—
he'll have to go after it."

HIS HUMILITY.

ABNER APPLEDRY.—Jay Green ain't got
no more pride and independence
about him than a rabbit!
AARON ALLRED.—Say he ain't?
ABNER APPLEDRY.—Nah! Whenever
he takes a ride on the cars he never stamps
up and down the aisles or stands out on
the back platform, to show everybody that
he knows his rights, but just sits still in his
seat like he was in church!

DENOUNCED.

JENKINS.—Did n't that lawyer on the
other side give you a terrible overhauling?
THOMPSON.—Did n't he, though? You can
bet if I have any more law business I'm going
to hire him!

A DETAIL OF TO-DAY.

SHE glanced at him carelessly, but not un-
kindly. "You must stay in this evening,
John; your cooking-class must do without you.
I need your services while I fit my new walk-
ing-costume."

"But——" The husband of the New Woman
faltered.

"——did—did—did n't you have a dress-
form for such purposes?"

"Dress-form?" She froze him with a
glance. "You forget yourself!"

But he remembered, as he donned them,
unfinished as they were, and stood for half-an-
hour while she debated as to whether they were
being worn baggy at the knees.

ON THE OTHER FOOT.

"CONGRATULATE ME, mother! Congratulate
me, Lizzie!" exultantly exclaimed John
Loveluck, bursting in upon his mother and
sister. "Ruth Sweetley has accepted me, and
I'm the happiest man alive!"

"Why, John!" simultaneously exclaimed his
hearers. "We hardly know her, you know."

"Yes, I know. But she is the dearest, sweet-
est, loveliest girl in the world," said John Love-
luck, "and I want you to go with me and call
on her to-morrow afternoon."

"Um-um! I don't think I can go to-morrow,"
said his mother.

"And I'm sure I can't," said Lizzie.

"Bother!" said John. "Can't you arrange
it somehow?"

"I'm sure she's a nice girl," said his mother.
"I know my John would n't engage himself to
anyone his mother did n't approve of."

"Of course not," said John.

"I don't see why you're in such a hurry to
have us call on her," said Lizzie. "You'll
marry her whether we like her or not."

"Approve of her? Like her?" said John.

"Why, I want to know whether she likes you."

IN LA BELLE FRANCE.

"MA CHERE," observed M. Recamier to his
talented wife, as he encountered her casu-
ally in the crowded *salon* amid a throng of diplo-
mats and *beaux esprits*, "who is that tall young
man so *distracted* in manner who has just passed?"

"Ah, *mon ami*! That is the Comte de
Cochouvert. He is a strange, eccentric character
—an original—*vraiment*."

"Ah—you pique my curiosity! Is he then
so exceedingly *outré*?"

"Yes, indeed! Why, would you believe it?
I have met him half a dozen times and he has
never once told me that he loved me."

"Oh, how absurd!" ejaculated the husband.
"But I suppose it takes all sorts of people to
make a world."



THE POPULAR FEAR.

THE PUP.—Help! I've just been stuck with a
poison needle!

Ruck



"What Role These Mortals Be!" Washington Whispers



What Congress Did.

Heard President Wilson's fifth personal address to the members of both Houses in joint session. (January 21.)

Its short title is the Trust-Accommodation Plan. After his election in 1912, the President-designate said, in a letter, something like this: "I have come to the conclusion my mind is a single-track railroad, on which only one train of thought can run at a time."

An express-train schedule, then. Tariff Limited and Currency Flyer are making their trial-trips.

Now it's an accommodation train for stockholders. All aboard, but no interlocking directors in the board.

Here follow time-table rules for country railroading:

"Opinion seems to be clearing about us with singular rapidity. (Clocks on time.)

"A clear and all but universal agreement. (Clear track ahead.)

"Atmosphere of accommodation and mutual understanding which we now breathe with so much refreshment. (Magnificent scenery.)

"Embodiment of convincing experience. (Pullman equipment)

"Without revolution of any untoward kind. (Steady work.)

"Will work much more than a mere negative good. (Higher dividends.)

"Working in its own behoof. (Increased horsepower engines.)

"It will immensely hearten the young men coming on. (More steam up.)

"Nothing hampers business like uncertainty. (Buy a dollar watch)

"Nothing daunts or discourages it like the necessity to take chances. (Don't check your baggage.)

"At any rate, up to the limit of what experience has disclosed. (All baggage-smashers are alike.)

Follow above suggestions and avoid:

"Breakdown and confusion.

"Confusion and interruption.

"Disrepute and danger."

Toot—toot!

What the Senate Did.

Debated Alaskan bill and co-operation in agricultural extension work—increasing reindeer for the frozen North and more raindrops for the arid West. Amendment pending to increase mint-juleps for the thirsty South. Nothing for the parched East, except Broadway.

Favorable committee report on seating Senator Blair Lee, of Maryland. Haste advocated owing to rapid extermination of terrapin. Senatorial appointee Glass, of Alabama, adversely considered—a new exhibit of cut-glass. According to another view, Senators looked into it and found there was nothing in it. At any rate, we see through it now.

What the House Did.

Discussed Post Office-appropriation bill at great length, like letter-carriers' routes. Also greater mail facilities for country towns, where Congressmen will shortly be campaigning for re-election. Debate will be concluded, so as not to interfere with that part of program. Many letters and telegrams read into the "Record." This will encourage more letter writing, insuring letter-carriers more work, and effectually disposing of claim of wicked Republicans that workers are on less time than before, and that more are out of work.

Chairman Moon, of Tennessee, in charge of bill. House kept in session late at night, finding its way out of the maze of legislative darkness by the light of the silvery moon.

Public health discussed in House. Chairman Ben Johnson, of House District Committee, punches witness at a hearing, landing hard on jaw. Witness uppercuts under right eye. Congressman calls for his pistol and makes threat. Rapid-transit problem solved, and secret of perpetual motion discovered by audience. Some of them are running yet. Box score: One foul hit, strike, one error, two assists, two strikes, and a home run, all out of committee-room.

What the President Did.

(See Presidential address to Congress.)

Secretary Tumulty informed from London concerning unsettled market conditions since advent of Democratic Senatorial whip—"Jim Ham" Lewis—no relative of Smithfield ham. The Illi-noisy sartorial splendiferousness is participating in international conference on safety at sea. Opinion well settled until his arrival. Now they are all at sea. Result blamed on mental telepathy.

London chappies and Suffragettes start hunger strike. Couldn't watch and eat both. "Jim Ham" specialties just introduced in London:

Breakfast—Table d'Oatmeal.

Luncheon—Comic Opera Buffet.

Tea—Lipton's, exclusively, Cup Defender style.

Dinner—Lobster à la Carte Blanche.

(Table decorations—Pink whiskers, home grown.)

Diplomatic.

General Huerta sent his daily greetings—health improved since his adoption of "watchful waiting" policy, instead of attempting to meet foreign financial obligations. Now suspected there must be a saving clause in Mexican "constitution of peace."

What the Supreme Court Did.

Handed down a series of decisions which narrow the field of dispute between Federal and State courts over the always troublesome question of jurisdiction. Especially in Southern States there has been much feeling over the increasing practice of attempting to evade State courts and get cases into Federal courts. By a coincidence, perhaps, several decisions dealt with the same phase of this contention. In Vermont, where Senator Page says there are nine months' winter and three months of late fall, the judicial authorities have been insisting that railroad litigation shall be in State courts, and then go to State Supreme Court, rather than to Federal Court of District of Vermont.

The railroad attorneys have been of another mind, but the outlook now is for the Governor to call a special session of State Legislature to extend powers of the State Supreme Court, so as to give it, in effect, the power to make rates, and keep corporations out of Federal courts.

In arguing the case, Vermont authorities claimed the same right which Virginia exercises under her State Constitution, to substitute a rate for one fixed by the Public Service Commission. The Supreme Court has now interpreted the Vermont statute as not conferring that power on any one.

Kentucky case for damages because of loss of life on railroad, and Mississippi case of libel, both strengthen power of Federal courts; Pennsylvania case, forbidding ownership of shotguns by aliens declared not to infringe constitutional right of citizens to bear arms, or treaty rights of foreigners to receive same treatment accorded citizens. Interpretation is in interest of protection of wild game-birds.

Another case of interest to the business world was argued, involving the liability of stockholders for debts of a corporation, as to whether liability is governed by the laws of the State wherein corporation is organized, or of the State where it is doing business.

In building a new hotel at Pasadena, Cal., an Arizona corporation claimed that its charter provides that private property of its stockholders shall be exempt from all liability for corporation's debts. California's Constitution makes stockholders of its own corporations personally liable for corporation's debts, and further provides that no foreign corporation shall do business in the State under any more favorable conditions.

So much for the stockholders. Where do the guests get off?

Choo—choo! Toot—toot!



THE PUCK PRESS

"DON'T SHOOT! I'LL



OT! I'LL LET GO!"

Ruck



Puck

"What Puck at the Play"

Puck SAYS:

When in New York Don't Miss:

7 KEYS TO BALDPATE, COMEDY . . . Astor
POTASH & PERLMUTTER, COMEDY . . . Cohan
THE LITTLE CAFE, MUSICAL . . . New Amsterdam
GRUMPY, COMEDY Wallack's
MAUDE ADAMS, COMEDY Empire
PEG O' MY HEART, COMEDY Cort
ADELE, MUSICAL Harris

You Will Find These Worth Your While:

OMAR THE TENT-MAKER, DRAMA . . . Lyric
SARI, OPERETTA Liberty
QUEEN OF THE MOVIES, MUSICAL . . . Globe
BILLIE BURKE, DRAMA Lyceum
WILLIE COLLIER, FARCE Hudson
YOUNG WISDOM, COMEDY Criterion
ELSIE FERGUSON, COMEDY Gaiety
KITTY MacKAY, SCOTCH COMEDY . . . Comedy

You Would Probably Enjoy:

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, DRAMA . . . Shubert
NEW HENRIETTA, COMEDY . . . Knickerbocker
THE MISLEADING LADY, COMEDY . . . Fulton
HIGH JINKS, MUSICAL Casino
FRANCES STARR, DRAMA Belasco
PRUNELLA, FANTASY Booth
THINGS THAT COUNT, DRAMA . . . Playhouse
GIRL ON THE FILM, MUSICAL . . . 44th St.

Plays to be Reviewed Next Week:

MARIA ROSA 39th St.
THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE . . . Longacre
THE DEADLOCK Maxine Elliott's
THE YELLOW TICKET Eltinge



BY THAD LAWSON.

"SARI."

Liberty Theatre.

The name "Sari" doesn't talk like it reads. You must learn how to pronounce this correctly, or you will be considered provincial. It lips thusly: "Scharey"—use the Hungarian accent.

From the very rise of the curtain you are charmed—charmed just expresses it; first, by the beautiful stage-setting as a background; then with the quaint, picturesque costumes of the gypsies, as moving about they create a vision of kaleidoscopic brightness; lastly, the final touch—the dreamy, entrancing music of Emmerich Kalman steals on the waiting ear. Then comes Blanche Duffield and J. Humbird Duffey in the first big number, "Love has Wings"—it's simply magnificent—not the kind of music that you carry home with you and hum the next day, but rather the kind that haunts you until you come back to hear it again.

With such music, the operetta was almost sure to succeed. Speaking for myself, I voice the opinion of many others when I state that Kalman's music will always receive a hearty welcome in New York.

The book is rather prosaic; indeed, it would be dull were it not for the fact that the principals enliven it from time to time with their own ingenious bits of business and humor.

Mizzi Hajos as Sari is bewitching—when she is acting; she has a personality all of her

own; her vivacity injects lots of ginger just when it is needed.

"Sari" may not be another "Merry Widow," but even so, we take off our hats to Col. Savage for giving us one of the best in the musical-line thus far.

All lovers of good music and its artistic rendition must mark off one night at least on their calendar for "Sari."

Do not be surprised if you find you are obliged to go more than once to satisfy your desire to hear Kalman's music and witness this dainty Hungarian offering.

"THE QUEEN OF THE MOVIES."

Globe Theatre.

The drive-wheels seemed to be slipping in the first act of "The Queen," and I feared that in spite of its beautiful settings it might move with the rapidity of a stone-boat. My fears were soon allayed, however; along came engineer Valli Valli and fireman Moulan with some sand to put on the track (the song-hit, "O Cecelia," happened to be the sand), and then, amidst tumultuous applause, "Queenie" started merrily on her way for a run.

In this day of many theatres and productions novel material for musical comedies is scarce, yet Thomas W. Ryley, of "Floradora" fame, gave us at the outset two rollicking good acts out of a possible three; this makes "T. R.'s" batting average a trifle over 666%, and several innings yet to come.

Pardon me if I appear to use extravagant language in describing the costumes and productions. They are a positive Utopia for those who love laudable, lavish loveliness.

The production is so elaborate that I venture to say "T. R." need not have worried, for even had the "Queen" been a failure, he would still have enough furniture, draperies, carpets, and bric-a-brac to furnish three moderate-sized hotels.

The music is of the "catch-as-catch-can" style, and unless you are hard to suit some of it catches you. "O Cecelia," for instance, is one of the kind of songs that start rhythmic wheels going in your head for a week or more.

Valli Valli worked hard, and not without results. Frank Moulan got results without working hard. If feminine loveliness sold by the pound, small as Alice Dovey is, she would bring a fortune; and as for the chorus—Cresus himself could n't buy even the "Powder Puff" girls.

There is much to see and hear at the Globe that is amusing and entertaining. If the fickle public still have their old-time love for musical comedy the electric sign in front of this house, for some time to come, will read "Queen of the Movies."

"OMAR, THE TENT-MAKER."

Lyric Theatre.

And now it is our pleasure to chronicle that which is out of the ordinary; not that we have witnessed a new play that is founded on any particularly novel ideas, or one that has a sensational "punch" or climax, but we have had the pleasure of witnessing a play that succeeds where plays of its type generally fail.

It is evident that the author of "Omar" had ideals; these are generally expensive things in the theatrical business; he essayed to write a play composed of the better things in dramatic art—that which is worth the while—and he was successful to quite a degree. The producers endeavored to help tell the story by surrounding it with a scenic production that would be faithful in every detail; they succeeded admirably.

Many others have gone thus far, and then stopped. Richard Walton Tully, the author, went one step further: he injected that which every successful play must have—human interest. He constructed lines and situations that give actors an opportunity to gain the

attention of the audience—sway their emotions and, at times, hold them spell-bound.

Last, but not least, in Guy Bates Post and his strong supporting company, they found actors and actresses capable of expressing their thoughts so vividly that the story gained in the telling.

Thus did they plan wisely in building "Omar." The result must be seen to be appreciated; a story of the plot would not be interesting; it must be told as they tell it on the stage at the Lyric. The plot, characters, costumes, and scenery all blend into a beautiful Oriental dream of hundreds of years ago. After the first act you forget that you are in New York; you travel through old Persia with "Omar Khayyam," and breathlessly watch the dramatic events that occur, until all ends well in the old Persian garden—under the same old moon—where the interesting story began.

Play-goers who enjoy the higher class of dramatic offerings—who enjoy such poetry as the Rubáiyát—will surely enjoy the tale of "Omar"—it's well told.

"DON'T WEAKEN."

Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

"Don't Weaken" is what you might call a double-barreled, optimistic effort at comedy.

As all sportsmen know, a double-barreled gun has what is known as a choke-bore barrel and a smooth-bore barrel. So it was with Walter Hackett's new comedy; it had two plots: a choke and a smooth—both bores, of course.

Plot number one centered around a brainless youth who, by the power of auto-suggestion, suddenly becomes endowed with grey matter; he turns out to be a great financier, a trust-buster, in fact, a regular cut-up. This miracle is largely brought about through the efforts of the College Alumni Glee Club, who frequently render a classic entitled "Don't Weaken." This choke-bore plot, aside from lacking novelty and originality, and being quite preposterous and obvious throughout, is very good.

The smooth-bore plot is thinner and, though overdrawn, is more amusing than the other; the self-same Alumni Glee Club auto-inspire a henpecked husband to assert his rights as master of the house.

Both barrels are fired from the same stage at the same time—with the usual result, neither hits anything.

The scenery and cast were all that could be asked for; the producers did all that could be done for the blighted child.

"Don't Weaken" not only weakened, but totally collapsed, last Saturday night; here endeth its obituary.

HELP! HELP!

We have caught the distress signal, but as the exact latitude and longitude are not given, we are powerless to aid.

It's flaring on the bill-boards: "Help Wanted!" Whether it's financial, legal, or artistic aid that is desired the bill-boards sayeth not. We are suspicious that it refers to a new show, and can hardly believe they would take these means of asking assistance; possibly it is only the title they are advertising; if so, they should be more careful about displaying the "S. O. S." signal.

INFORMATION ITEM.

Little drops of fiction, little grains of sense, Make the kind of drama the public calls immense.

INEXPERIENCED ITEM.

Mary had a little show, she sent it out, *en low*; Now Mary's had to hock her lamb, because she is so poor.



WORSHIP AT A WAYSIDE SHRINE.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

HAROLD.—She said she would be willing to go to the ends of the world with me.
JERROLD.—Oh, any girl would! But how about settling down in a flat up in the Bronx?

PEDIGREE.

THE illustrious line that bore his name
He's very proud to show on;
But their pale ghosts must blush for shame,
For he himself is no one.

NOT YET.

"Do you propose to marry?" asked Miss Flitters of young Mr. Bainbridge.
"Well, I have n't proposed yet," replied he, in a tone which forbade further inquiries.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND paced impatiently for hours after midnight up and down the cheerless bedroom floor. He was fretful and lonely, for his wife had taken her first post-nuptial trip away from him. She would be away a whole week—a whole week of loneliness and anxiety. He pictured her equally—even more—distressed at the separation. Outside, to accentuate his misery, the rain streamed down in an unending torrent. The wind whistled a lugubrious wail as an accompanying to his feelings, and the thunder put in a few well-chosen orchestral effects.

The door-bell began to ring violently just as the clock struck two. Mr. Younghusband listened with mixed joy and fear. His wife, perhaps. His eager ear heard the janitor, sleepy and grumbling, open the door.

A messenger-boy, dripping and soaked, stood without the portal as the janitor unbolted the door. He handed a saturated envelope to the janitor: "Mr. Younghusband?"

"Anything important?"

"Naw, 't ain't nothin'! A woman says her heart is breakin' for him in Boston."

A GUARDIAN OF HOME INDUSTRIES.

"No," said the New York policeman, virtuously, "there is no gambling going on in this city!"

"Well! Well!" exclaimed the stranger, who was tiger-hunting. "I suppose I'll have to go to New Jersey. Where is the nearest ferry?"

"Well, old man," said the copper, softening somewhat, "seeing you're bent on it, I suppose I might as well keep the money in the city. How big a game are you looking for?"



THE GREAT DIVIDE.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

"I WAS readin' the other day," began the genial farmer, as he seated himself comfortably in the office of the Basswood Corners *Hustler*, "an article on metropolitan journalism. The writer says that there is such an intense strain on everybody connected with it that they all get old before they're forty. There's so much hurry, activity, and hard work, you know. And I suppose that is a characteristic of running a newspaper anywhere."

"You're right, Mr. Reubenjay," replied the successful editor. "We are compelled to do prodigious tasks in the briefest possible time. Now, only yesterday I had to change two double-column ads., write one obituary and two wedding notices, and carry two cords of stovewood upstairs!"

PRIVATION.

MRS. NEWRICHE.—I believe our next-door neighbors on the right are as poor as church mice, Hiram.

MR. NEWRICHE.—What makes you think so?

MRS. NEWRICHE.—Why, they can't afford one of them mechanical piano-players; the daughter is taking lessons by hand!

THE CORRECT ANSWER.

"HERE is a rather puzzling question, which we are supposed to answer out of hand," said the able editor of the Pettyville *Plaindealer*, as he perused the communications which the office-boy had lately brought over from the post-office, the while he exchanged words with a friend who had dropped into the sanctum. "A young lady out at Yaphank asks us how to keep her hands soft and white."

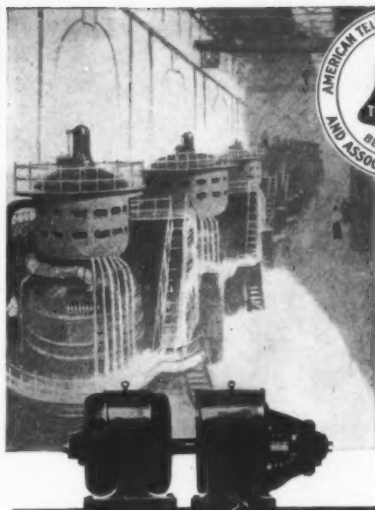
"That's easy!" replied the visitor, who was a crusty old curmudgeon of a bachelor. "Tell her to immerse 'em in hot dishwater, half-an-hour or so at a time, three times a day, while her mother rests."

BRIGHT.

AT this, Eve sighed tremulously. "What is it, darling?" cried Adam, evincing the utmost concern.

"I was just thinking," faltered the original woman, "what if my being made of one of your slats should result in my being something of a slattern!"

Adam quieted her misgivings by assuring her that they were not likely to keep house, at least for the present, and inwardly rejoiced, the while, in the discovery that his consort was very bright, as well as very beautiful.



The Energizer of Business

IN a metropolitan powerhouse there must be generators large enough to furnish millions of lights and provide electrical current for thousands of cars and factories.

Each monster machine with the power of tens of thousands of horses is energized by an unobtrusive little dynamo, which is technically known as an "exciter."

This exciter by its electric impulse through all

the coils of the generator brings the whole mechanism into life and activity.

A similar service is performed for the great agencies of business and industry by the telephones of the Bell System. They carry the currents of communication everywhere to energize our intricate social and business mechanism.

United for universal service, Bell Telephones give maximum efficiency to the big generators of production and commerce.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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One System

Universal Service

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THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY

The Inspector Is Back Of Every Bottle



The next time you feel "out of sorts," try a little Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—Almost instantly you will note a delightful change—You will work harder and Earn More—you will feel better and Enjoy Life More. No other tonic acts so promptly and satisfactorily. That's why today—after fifty years—Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey—can point with pride to a legion of Loyal friends, who recognize that, on account of its exquisite flavor, its mellowness and high tonic properties, Sunny Brook justly merits its proud title—The Pure Food Whiskey.

Each bottle of Sunny Brook is sealed with the Green Government Stamp—a positive assurance that every drop is natural, straight whiskey—scientifically distilled and carefully aged by the largest distillers of fine whiskey in the world.

SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist un-corks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

LOOK FOR THE INSPECTOR ON THE LABEL

SHE WAS A VETERAN TOO.

Old Mrs. Anderson, who was fond of relating stories of the war, after the Christmas dinner was over mentioned having been in five engagements.

"That's not so much," said little Edgar suddenly.

"Why, Edgar!" cried his scandalized mother; "what do you mean?"

"Five is n't many," persisted Edgar; "sister Edna has been engaged nine times."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



LITTLE WILLIE.—Oh, Ma! Is that Daniel?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

THE OLD POETS.

Were the old poets here to-day
We'd see some funny scenes:
With Burns and Pope extolling soap,
And Shelley boosting beans.

We'd note the dreamy Byron then
In a commercial mood,
And witness Gray, in a roundelay,
Describing breakfast food.

Were the old poets here to-day,
We'd see the Muses weep;
But Shakspeare's thrills concerning pills
Would surely sell a heap.

—*City A. C. Journal.*

HANK.—How can you tell he's from Brooklyn?

TANK.—He's always blowing about New York.—*Jack o' Lantern.*

The Happy Man Turns Instinctively

TO Evans' Ale

to keep up appearance and live the part.
Drink it if YOU want to be healthy, hearty, and happy.

Restaurants, Saloons, Oyster Houses, Dealers.
C. H. EVANS & SONS - - - Hudson, N. Y.

FAIRY TALES.



AT THE AGE OF 5—Hans Anderson.



AT 65—Guide to Investments.

—*Punch.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Because they take you over smiling seas to the lands of sunshine and cheery skies, known the world over as the "American Mediterranean," including Porto Rico, Bahamas, Cuba, Mexico, Florida, Texas and Santo Domingo. You can choose no better route than these splendid big steamers of the AGWI Lines.

Write us today and let us plan your trip. Address:

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Porto Rico Line Steamer leaves New York every Saturday for SAN JUAN direct. Send for booklet and information about sailings, rates, etc.
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Mallory Line To TEXAS, all points Southwest and Pacific Coast: GALVESTON, KEY WEST, TAMPA, ST. PETERSBURG, MOBILE.
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CYNICISM is a disease caused by sour grapes. If it attacks you in youth, a few warm applications of affection and true love, undiluted, will speedily cure. In later years it is incurable. — *City A. C. Journal.*

"Do you permit old ladies to kiss your baby?" asked the one who was still trying to appear girlish.

"Oh, yes," replied the proud young mother. "Go ahead and give the little dear a smack."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"WHY do you insist so strenuously on my placing my order right now?"

"I have taken a course in a school of scientific salesmanship and, according to all rules and theories, this is the psychological moment for closing this sale." — *Washington Herald.*

VISITOR.—How does the land lie out this way?

NATIVE.—It ain't the land—it's the land-agents. — *Philadelphia Record.*

HOPE ETERNAL.



DOCTOR.—You know, Wilks, I can't make you young again.
WILKS.—No, sir; but can't you keep me growing older a little longer?
—The Tatler.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Old—

aged until every drop is rare and mellow. That's what gives the flavor to Old

I. W.

Harper Whiskey. For fifty years that flavor has been the favorite. It's velvety richness never varies. Your Grandfather chose Old I. W.

HARPER

because he knew it was the best. Today you can find no finer

WHISKEY

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

AGE OF PREVARICATION.

Of the iron age we've often heard,
And the fabled age of gold.
And now the income-tax brings near
An age of wealth untold.

—City A. C. Journal.

"I ALWAYS said that political rival of mine will stoop to any falsehood. Now I can prove it."
"How?"

"He sent me a message saying he congratulates me on my election." —
Washington Star.

THE SAMARITAN AND THE SINNER.

A good-natured man going home late at night spied a man leaning limply against a doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Want me to help you in?"

"Yep."

With difficulty he carried the drooping figure up to the second floor.

"Is this it? Do you live here?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an angry wife, the good-natured man opened the first door, pushed the limp figure in and closed the door. Then he groped his way downstairs. As he came out he saw another man apparently in a worse condition than the first.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You drunk, too?"

"Yep," came the feeble reply.

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived, opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the street he saw a third man, evidently worse off than either of the others. As the good Samaritan approached, however, the man fled up the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"Off'sher," he gasped, "I deman' p'tection from thish man. He's carried me upstairs twice 'n thrown me down the elevator shaft!" —
Ladies' Home Journal.

SOME directors have started in the right direction.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

A soft, rich whiskey
with the flavor
of an old vintage.
Old fashioned dis-
tillation—ripened
by age only.

Bottled
in Bond

PEBBLEFORD Old Fashioned Quality Kentucky Bourbon

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO.,
BOURBON, NELSON COUNTY, KY.

APPROPRIATE GIFT.

My wife gave me a parlor rug
Last Christmas; best of wives.
The year before
I got a score
Of silver-plated knives.

I think that I'll return this year
The favor, as it were.
It will be fun;
I have a gun
Picked out this time for her.

—Courier-Journal

NEW BOOKS—"The Hair"—its physiology, anatomy, diseases and treatment—a scientific treatise published by the European specialist H. Achershaug, M.M.D. (Norway), has made a great sensation. "Its wonderful results have astonished the medical profession."—News. The Book, WITH SWORN STATEMENTS and doctors' endorsements, is sent FREE on receipt of 6c. for postage, etc. Address the author, H. Achershaug, M.M.D., 500—5th Ave., (P. A.), New York.

HOW TO TELL.

Before the guests had arrived for the Christmas party the girls had congregated in the lower hall, conversing on topics nearest their hearts.

"Oh, girls!" said Dolly; "I know a new charm to tell when any one loves you."

"What is it?" queried the chorus.

"You take five or six chestnuts, name each after some man you know, and then put them on the stove. The first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm!" said the beautiful young blonde, toying with a new diamond ring. "I know a much better way than that."

"What?"

"Select one man, place him on a sofa in the parlor, and sit close to him, in a dim light. If he does n't pop it's time to change the man on the sofa." —
Ladies' Home Journal.

EASY WAY.

KNICKER. — The Administration wants to starve out Huerta.

BOCKER. — Then it should bring him to New York and make him buy eggs.—
New York Sun.

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while
the Candle Burns. ✻ ✻

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of Puck.

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Wise old grandmother still cures her friends with the homely remedies of her girlhood days. For a cold it's a steaming hot toddy—made with good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

A full-bodied, straight Pennsylvania Rye, known and recommended for its unvarying excellence and delicate flavor for over 100 years. Aged in charred oak barrels and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



WHEN I the old Scriptures scan
I learn that woman's made for man.
Oh, say, where may the factory be?
I want to have one made for me!

—City A. C. Journal.

THE ANSWER.

Father, teaching his six-year-old son arithmetic by giving a problem to his wife, begs his son to listen:

FATHER.—Mother, if you had a dollar and I gave you five more, what would you have?

MOTHER (replying absently). —
Hysterics.—
Brooklyn Life.



If you are an ale drinker, and know that good, pure ale gives strength as well as satisfaction, then drink P. B. It is purest and best. Ninety-two years experience goes into the brewing. A Success recognized by every lover of good ale. IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAUGHT.

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Bunker Hill Breweries, BOSTON, MASS.
PARK & TILFORD, New York Agents.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie. "Round."

"How do you know it's round?" "All right," said Willie, "it's square, then. I don't want to start any argument about it." —
Exchange.

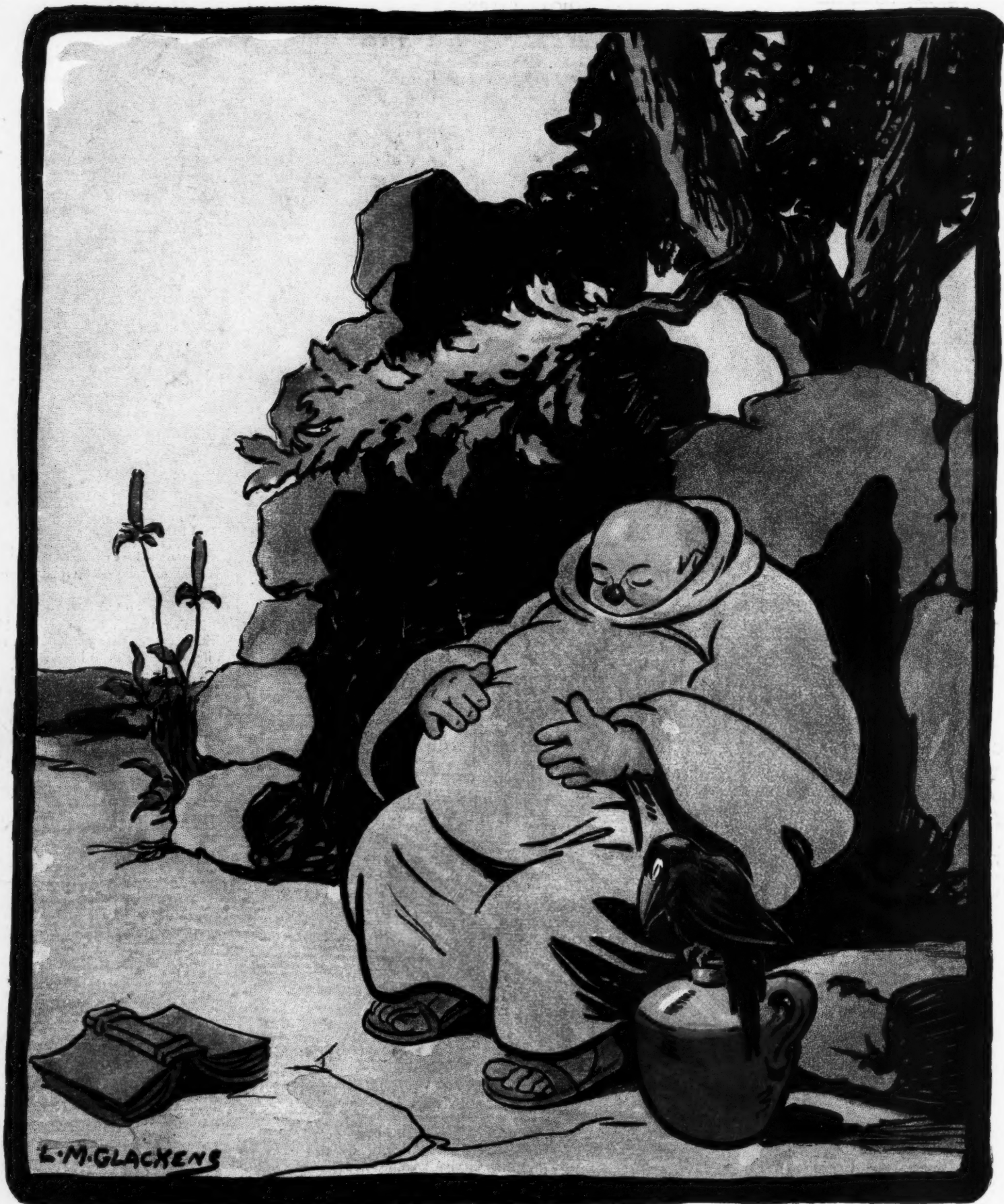
BRIGHTENED BY USE.

YEAST.—Have any trouble getting in the house last night when you went home from the club?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Did I? Say, do you remember how rusty that night-key was last night? Well, look at it now! —
Yonkers Statesman.

"YOUR father is a religious man, is n't he?" a small boy was asked.

"Oh, yes," was the naïve answer. "He just hates anybody that does n't go to church." —
New York Globe.



A book of verses underneath the bough,
 A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
 Beside me, singing in the wilderness,
 O, wilderness were paradise enow!

I see the book, the jug of wine, the bough,
 But not the loaf—that's out of sight just now;
 Perhaps it's in that finely rounded tum—
 But bird! Great Rubaiyat! Art Thou his thou?